

Oh! how I sigh, when I think on the man, &c.

Or, the Amorous Virgin;

VWho never till this time, did fancy a man,
But now she must love; let her do what she can.

To a dainy new Tune, much sung in the Duke of York's Play-house.



T little or no purpose,
I spent many a day,
In hanging the Parks
The Exchange, and the Playes
For ne're in my Rambles
till now, did I probe
So lucky to met with
the Man I could love,
But Oh! how I sigh,
when I think on the Man,
I find I must love,
let me do what I can.

How long I shall love him,
I can no more tell,
Then had I a feather
when I should bathe all;
My Passion shall kill me
before I will know it.

And yet I would give
all the World he did know it:
But Oh! how I sigh,
when I think, should he wooe me,
I cannot deny what
I know would undoe me,
I alwaies did wonder,
how Paids could love Pen,
How Ladies fell sick,
when Men lov'd not agen;
I could not tell where
the blind Boy then did lurk,
Or how the enticing
Temptations did work:
But now I cry out,
I dye for the Man;
Let wisdom, and Reason
doall that they can.

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HE is the most handsom'st
 that ever I saw,
 For Love hath no Reason,
 and Fancy no Law:
 Were all Wens perfect, as
 contracted in one
 Accomplish'd Gallant,
 'tis himself alone:
 For Cupid I see
 is a very Trapan;
 And I must have *Charles*,
 let me do what I can.
 When first I espied him,
 he dag'd my eyes,
 And flashes, like lightning
 did thro' me fly;
 I blush'd, sigh'd, and panted,
 my Pulses did move,
 I am of opinion
 there's witchcraft in Love:
 But let Love and Reason
 do all that they can;
 The Grave will have me,
 If I have not the Man.
 I am so much perplex'd,
 sometimes I could find
 in my heart to go to him
 and tell him my mind:

Why, if I did so,
 what could he say then?
 Such boldness would make
 not love us again: (him
 A Woman is frighten'd
 much more than a Man;
 But yet I must love him
 do what I can.
 This amorous Virgin
 was lying alone,
 Hid in a close Arboz,
 and sighing this Song,
 And lay in a Posture
 Attired in a Dress,
 Would tempt a Persecution
 unto wickedness:
 But all her complaint was,
 I must have the Man
 Or I shall be Ruin'd
 do I what I can.
 The Man whom she fancied
 was up to the hilt,
 In love with her person
 as he was with him:
 And being i' th' next Arboz,
 where she made her moan,
 He seal'd a strong wall,
 that was built all of Stone:

And there he presents her
 the very same Man,
 That must be her Lover
 do she what she can.

They clung so together,
 no Power could unloose 'em
 He hid her fond Blushes,
 in's neck, and his bosom:
 And there to each other
 their hearts they reveal;
 And tell these kind secrets
 they cannot conceal:
 At last she is like
 to be blest with the Man,
 That she must love
 do all what she can.

They bow their Affections,
 and there plight their Troth
 They make up a Contract,
 bound fast by an Oath:
 They wedded, they bedded,
 by Parents consent
 The Maid hath her wishes,
 the Man is content:
 When Providence orders
 a Mist and a Man;
 They shall have each other,
 do all what they can.